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STRAIGHT ARROW

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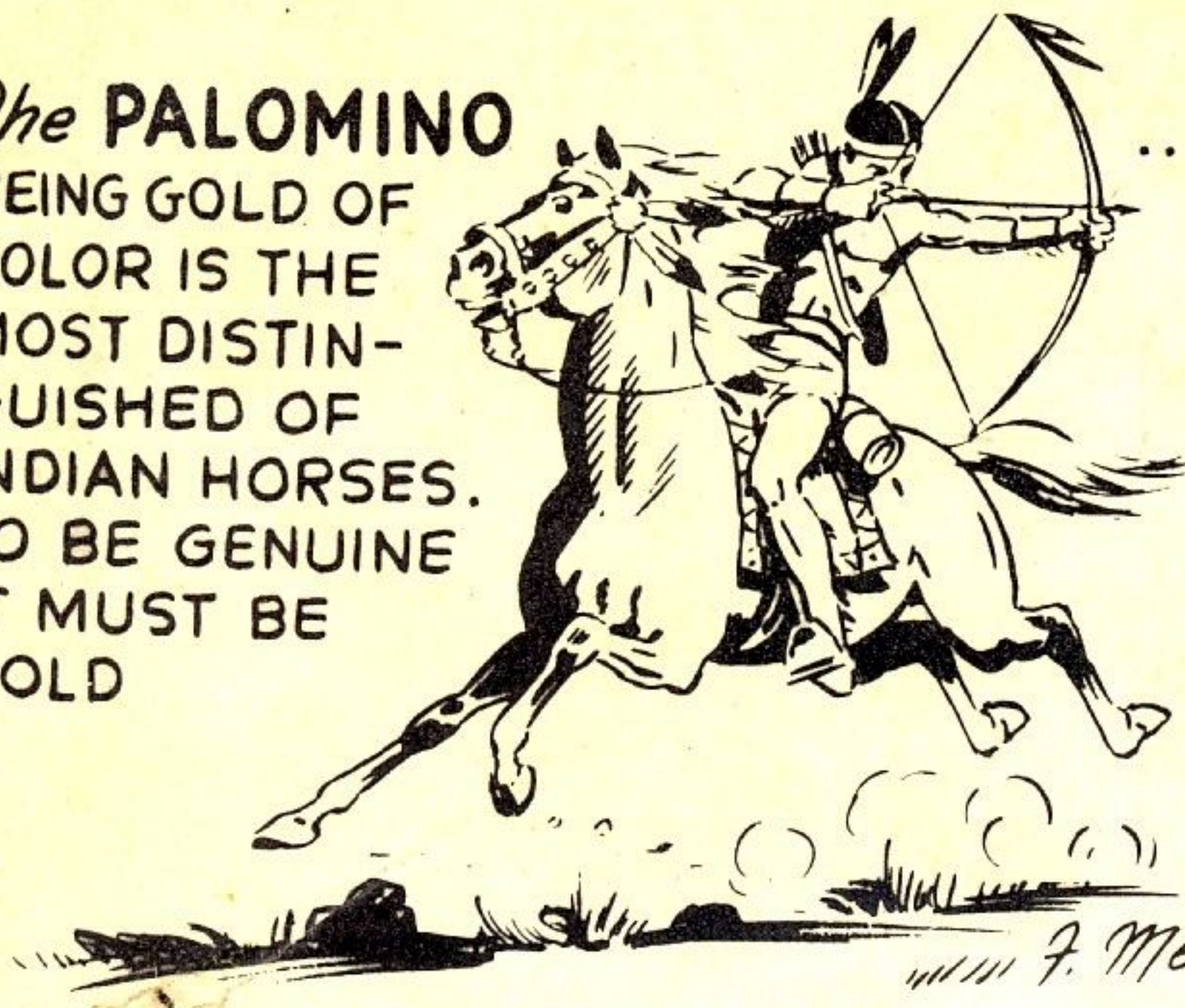
STRAIGHT ARROW

INDIAN HORSE RECOGNITION

The **PALOMINO**
BEING GOLD OF COLOR IS THE MOST DISTINGUISHED OF INDIAN HORSES. TO BE GENUINE IT MUST BE GOLD



...IT MUST HAVE A WHITE TAIL AND MANE. IT MAY HAVE WHITE SOCKS BUT NO WHITE SPOTS ABOVE THE KNEES, EXCEPT, IT MAY HAVE A WHITE STAR, STRIPE OR BLAZE ON ITS FACE..

The **PAINT...**

MUST BE COLORED IN BLACK, BROWN, WHITE AND ANY OTHER COLOR.

The **APPALOOSA**
MUST HAVE BLACK & WHITE...

....OR BROWN AND WHITE FRECKLE-LIKE SPOTS ON A WHITE COAT. TO BE GENUINE IT MUST HAVE THIS COLORING ON ITS RUMP.

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The **PIEBALD**
MUST BE COLORED IN BLACK AND WHITE SPOTS.

The **PINTO...**
MUST BE COLORED IN BROWN AND WHITE SPOTS.

Although several other horse colors appear among Indian horses.....those shown here are known throughout the world as American Indian. Indian horses are tough and most always have sound legs and feet

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STRAIGHT ARROW

TO FRIEND AND FOE ALIKE, STEVE ADAMS IS THE OWNER OF THE BROKEN BOW CATTLE SPREAD. BUT WHEN DANGER THREATENS INNOCENT PEOPLE, STEVE ADAMS DISAPPEARS, AND IN HIS PLACE GALLOPS A MYSTERIOUS, STALWART INDIAN — WEARING THE GARB AND WARPAINT OF A COMANCHE AND RIDING THE GREAT PALOMINO, FURY!

TO TAKE UP THE CAUSE OF LAW AND ORDER IN THE WEST, COMES THE LEGENDARY FIGURE OF — **STRAIGHT ARROW!**

ON A CHOLLA-DOTTED SLOPE SOME MILES FROM FORT DESPAIR, THE WARWHOOP OF THE OSAGES MIXES WITH THE SHARP CRACK OF ARMY SPENCER CARBINES! QUARTERMASTER WAGONS CAREEN CRAZILY DOWN THE EMBANKMENT! WAR ARROWS WHINE IN THE AIR!

CAUGHT US BY SURPRISE! GOT US OUT-NUMBERED!

WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE!

FROM THE CHAOS OF RIFLE CRACK AND THUDDING WAR ARROW, YOUNG LIEUTENANT HENDERSON'S VOICE IS RAISED IN CRACKLING HARSHNESS...

FALL BACK, MEN! WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON THE WAGONS. IF WE MAKE A DASH FOR IT, WE CAN REACH THE FORT...!

As the fleeing troopers turn, they see the howling Osages looting the supply wagons with yelps of delight.

Dishevelled, grimy and bloody, the detail gallops into Fort Despair some hours later, just as Steve Adams and Packy emerge from the commissary store house...

We'll have the beef for the army inside two weeks, Packy. I—hey, look there! The supply troops—without the wagons!

By cactus, Steve! Yuh reckon...?

I don't reckon anything, Packy—yet! But experienced frontier soldiers like Lieutenant Henderson don't abandon wagons unless there's a mighty good reason for it.

Keno, Steve!

Colonel Deegan is fresh from West Point, maybe he needs a little advice about injun territory.

Indians, Lieutenant?

Not just Indians, sir. *Osages!*

Osages? What difference the name you give them? They're all the same. Sound to horse! There's a village on Cottonwood Creek that we'll teach a lesson!

But those are *Kiowas*, Colonel!

See for yourself, sir! This is an *Osage* arrow, not a Kiowa! The Kiowas are observing the peace treaty of Medicine Gap they—.

Enough, enough! Indians are Indians! I'll teach 'em a lesson, by thunder!

You'll set the frontier on fire if you persist, sir! If you attack the Kiowas without reason, their good friends, the Comanches will rise up!

AS A MAN'S SHADOW DARKENS THE FLOOR, STEVE WHIRLS AND LEAPS—

LIKE A GIGANTIC CAT, STEVE HURTLES OUT THE WINDOW! YELLOW DOG, THE INDIAN SCOUT, REELS BACK...

GOT YOU!

USING A CLEVER COMANCHE WRESTLING HOLD, STEVE ADAMS HURLS THE DISARMED KILLER FROM HIM...

RECKON YUH OUGHT TO BE IN THE GUARDHOUSE, HOMBRE!

YELLOW DOG ONLY CLEAN GUN. NOT SHOOT!

CLEANING YORE GUN? ALL YUH WERE DOIN' WAS POLISHIN' THE HAMMER WITH YORE THUMB!

HE'S A SCOUT AND ASSISTANT TO THE QUARTERMASTER, STEVE. I'LL HAVE HIM IN IRONS WITHIN THE HOUR!

THAT SCOUT WAS AIMING AT ME, PACKY! WHY? I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

SHORE IS LOCO! AN' THAT COLONEL DEEGAN IS LOCO, TOO— IF HE REALLY IS FIGURIN' ON RIDIN' AG'IN THEM KIOWAS!

PARDNER—YOU KEEP AN EYE ON DEEGAN! I'M RIDING TO SUNDOWN VALLEY!

KENO, STEVE! YUH FIGURE TO WARN THE KIOWAS, HUH? AS STEVE ADAMS, RANCHER, THEY WOULDNT LISTEN TO YUH—BUT AS *STRAIGHT ARROW*— THEY WILL!

BUT, AT THAT MOMENT, COLONEL DEEGAN ALREADY WAS LEADING HIS TROOPERS FROM FORT DESPAIR—ON THE TRAIL TO THE KIOWA VILLAGE. WOULD HE ARRIVE BEFORE STRAIGHT ARROW?

AT THE GALLOP— FORWARD!

A SHORT DISTANCE FROM THE BROKEN BOW RANCH HOUSE LIES SUNDOWN VALLEY. AND IN IT—THROUGH A SECRET ENTRANCE KNOWN ONLY TO STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY—A VAST, SUBTERRANEAN CAVE! THE WALLS OF THE CAVE GLITTER WITH CRYSTALS OF GOLD! FROM AN UNKNOWN SOURCE COMES LIGHT THAT SPREADS A SHIMMERING GLEAM EVERYWHERE. AND STANDING IN THE GLOWING LIGHT IS A GREAT, GOLDEN PALOMINO!

A COMANCHE BOW AND COMANCHE ARROWS HANG ON THE WALL! THERE IS COMANCHE WAR PAINT—COMANCHE GARB!

EASY BIG HORSE.

IN A MOMENT STEVE ADAMS, RANCHER, IS GONE —AND IN HIS PLACE—

YES, FURY, IT IS I— **STRAIGHT ARROW.**

A CLATTER OF HOOVES IN THE VAST, VAULTED CAVE! AN INDIAN WAR WHOOP THAT RINGS FROM THE GLITTERING ROCKS! OUT INTO THE OPEN GALLOPS THE GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO, FURY! AND RIDING BAREBACK —CLAD IN INDIAN GARB FROM HEAD TO TOE— **STRAIGHT ARROW!**

KANE-E-E-WAH, FURY!

UNTO THE CAMP OF THE KIOWAS RIDES STRAIGHT ARROW. BEFORE A TEPEE FRONTED BY SCALP POLE AND COUP STICK, HE DRAWS REIN.

I HAVE RIDDEN FAR, AND FAST, BURNT LEG. THE WHITE SOLDIERS EVEN NOW APPROACH YOUR VILLAGE. THEY ARE ANGRY BECAUSE INDIANS ATTACKED A QUARTERMASTER TRAIN!

NO KIOWA WARRIOR HAS LEFT THE SHADOW OF OUR TEPEES WITHIN THE PAST MOON, COMANCHE FRIEND!

THEN YOU MUST RIDE WITH ME TO FIND THE SOLDIERS. PERHAPS YOU CAN CONVINCE COLONEL DEEGAN! THEN AGAIN— PERHAPS YOU CANNOT! BUT WE MUST TRY!

SOMEWHAT MORE THAN AN HOUR LATER, ON A FLAT STRETCH OF MESQUITE-DOTTED GROUND..

BY THUNDER, HERE ARE TWO OF THE RASCALLY INJUNS NOW! I'LL FETCH THEM OFF THEIR HORSES WITH ONLY TWO BULLETS!

A GLEAMING GOLDEN ARROW IS FITTED TO A BOWSTRING! A POWERFULLY MUSCLED ARM QUIVERS AS THE BOW IS BENT, ALMOST TO THE BREAKING POINT. AND THEN—!

YOWW!

NA HEENA, COLONEL! NO, NO! WE COME IN PEACE!

ZANG

THAT GOLDEN ARROW! A PALOMINO HORSE! COMANCHE GARB— THIS IS STRAIGHT ARROW, COLONEL!

JUST ANOTHER INDIAN, LIEUTENANT! UNHAND ME, SIR!

WE WANT TO PREVENT WAR, COLONEL! SO DO YOU! YET, IF YOU INSIST ON RAIDING THE KIOWAS, THE ENTIRE FRONTIER WILL ERUPT. THE KIOWAS DID NOT ATTACK YOUR QUARTERMASTER WAGONS.

HMMPPHH! SO YOU SAY!

GIVE ME TIME TO TRACK DOWN THE REAL OFFENDERS! I CAN FIND THEM, IF YOU WILL KEEP THE TROOPERS IN THE FORT—

ONE WEEK, THEN. NO MORE! I'D SAY NO, BUT EVEN MY OWN LIEUTENANT SEEMS TO BE ON YOUR SIDE! HOWEVER, IF YOU FAIL— MY MEN WILL RIDE AGAIN!

AS DUSK LOWERS ACROSS THE PRAIRIES, THE OSAGE WAR CRY RINGS OUT, MILES AWAY...

Ai-Ai-Ai! Yiii! Yiii!

WHITE MAN DIE! BIG BUFFALO MAKE COUP!

FOR SEVERAL MINUTES THE FIGHT IS SHORT AND BITTER. THEN, OUT-NUMBERED, THE TROOPERS DRAW OFF AT A HARD GALLOP.

WHEN THE COLONEL HEARS ABOUT THIS LATEST RAID, HE'LL BLOW UP! THERE WON'T BE NO HOLDIN' HIM THEN!

LATER—BACK AT THE FORT...

WHAT'S THIS? MORE TROOPERS —WOUNDED!

REMEMBER, COLONEL— YOU GAVE YOUR WORD! YOU AGREED TO WAIT— TO GIVE ME TIME TO LOCATE THE OSAGES!

BUT AS COLONEL DEEGAN LISTENS TO THE STORY OF THE SECOND RAID ON THE QUARTER-MASTER TRAIN, HIS FACE DARKENS WITH RAW FURY...

—LOOTED WAGONS, SIR! THEY TOOK EVERYTHING, INCLUDING THE PAYMASTER'S BAGS. THAT'S THE SECOND TIME THEM INJUNS HAVE TAKEN OUR PAY!

IT'S THE **LAST**! SOUND TO HORSE— AND THIS TIME, I WON'T STOP!

AND TO MAKE CERTAIN —YOU WILL SPEND THE NEXT COUPLE OF DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE, STRAIGHT ARROW! YOU AND THAT PALOMINO WILL NOT CARRY A WARNING TO THE KIOWAS!

YIELDING BEFORE THE LAW WHICH THE COLONEL REPRESENTS, STRAIGHT ARROW IS LED TO THE GUARDHOUSE AND CONFINED WITHIN A CELL. BUT THAT NIGHT, AS THE MOON BEAMS DOWN...

PACKY IS OVER BY THE BARRACKS. HE JUST RODE IN— AND WILL LEARN WHERE I AM— IF HE SEES THE MOONLIGHT REFLECTED ON THIS GOLDEN ARROW!

BY CACTUS, STRAIGHT ARROW! IT SURE IS LUCKY YUH USED THET ARROW. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO RIDE OUT AFTER THOSE TROOPERS LIKE YUH SAID!

WASTE NO TIME IN TALK, PACKY! I MUST RIDE— AND RIDE FAST!

BARS CRACK IN DRIED ADOBE AND WOOD AS PACKY'S MOUNT LUNGES HARD. SECONDS LATER, A GRIM FIGURE LEAPS INTO THE MOONLIGHT...

GOOD WORK, PACKY! I AM FREE—FREE TO RIDE TO THE KIOWA VILLAGE!

BY MOUNTAIN TRAILS AND CANYON SHORTCUTS, THE REDMAN RACES TOWARD THE BUFFALO HIDE TEPEES OF THE KIOWAS! THE GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO FURY SKIMS THE EARTH WITH FANTASTIC SPEED...

KANEEWAH, FURY! FASTER—FASTER! EVEN NOW THE CAVALRY MUST BE POUNDING DOWN INTO THE KIOWA CAMP!

SUMMON BURNT LEG! TELL HIM STRAIGHT ARROW HAS TRUE WORDS TO SPEAK! SUMMON BURNT LEG!

COLONEL DEEGAN RIDES FOR THE VILLAGE! WE MUST PROVE THE INNOCENCE OF THE KIOWAS BY DELIVERING THE OSAGES TO HIM!

YOU SPEAK GOOD WORDS, MY COMANCHE BROTHER!

THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN WILL BE SAFE. COLONEL DEEGAN WILL NOT HARM THEM! HE SEEKS ONLY KIOWA WARRIORS.

AND THE KIOWA WARRIORS RIDE THE WAR TRAIL WITH STRAIGHT ARROW!

SOME HOURS LATER, AS THE MORNING SUN RISES HIGH OVER THE PLAINS...

OSAGE WAR TROPHY BASKETS! AND A WARM CAMP FIRE! THE OSAGE RENEGADES ARE NOT FAR AHEAD, MY RED BROTHERS.

TURN, OSAGE RENEGADES! WE HAVE FOUND YOU!

SWIFTLY THE GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO OVERHAULS THE INDIAN PONIES! SUNLIGHT GLINTS ON AN OSAGE WAR LANCE!

AIEEEEEEEE!

ON, KIOWAS!

FIGHT HARD, KIOWAS! YOU FIGHT FOR PEACE AND FOR YOUR FAMILIES!

HIS GREAT GOLDEN BOW HUMMING AS ARROW AFTER ARROW IS SHOT FROM ITS TAUT STRING, STRAIGHT ARROW RIDES LIKE A MAGIC BEING THROUGH THE SAVAGE FRAY!

YIELD, CHIEF OF THE BASKET PEOPLE! YIELD, OR—

I YIELD, STRAIGHT ARROW! I YIELD!

TALK, OSAGE CHIEF! *PYEEAH!* INDIANS DO NOT USUALLY ATTACK QUARTER-MASTER WAGONS. AND THEY ***NEVER*** TAKE THE PAYMASTER BAGS CONTAINING THE SOLDIERS' PAY!

IT WAS YELLOW DOG'S IDEA! HE KNEW WE WERE RENEGADES FROM THE OSAGE TRIBE. HE TOLD US WHEN THE QUARTER-MASTER WAGONS WOULD COME. HE WANTED THE MONEY. WE WERE TO KEEP ALL ELSE!

SOME HOURS LATER, PACKY WHOOPS WITH DELIGHT...

BY CACTUS, STRAIGHT ARROW! YUH DID IT! YUH GOT THEM BAD INJUNS!

YES, PACKY. ALL OF THEM — BUT ONE!

AS STRAIGHT ARROW REINS IN AND EXPLAINS, A SLOW FLUSH COVERS COLONEL DEEGAN'S FACE. THEN, AS THE COMANCHE IS SILENT, HE SPEAKS...

—AND SO YOUR SCOUT, YELLOW DOG—WHO SHOT AT STEVE ADAMS TO PREVENT HIM FROM ACCUSING YELLOW DOG'S OSAGE FRIENDS OF THE ATTACK— IS GUILTY OF THESE ATTACKS ALSO!

STRAIGHT ARROW— FORGIVE MY STUPIDITY! YOU HAVE TAUGHT ME A LESSON!

FOR YEARS AFTER THAT, IN COLONEL DEEGAN'S OFFICE, THERE HUNG A BUFFALO WAR SHIELD WITH TWO GOLDEN ARROWS PAINTED THEREON...

STRAIGHT ARROW TAUGHT ME HUMILITY WHEN MY PRIDE INSISTED THAT I CONTINUE IN MY BLUNDER ABOUT THE KIOWAS. NOW, WHEN I HAVE TO DECIDE A QUESTION INVOLVING INDIANS — I DECIDE IT AS STRAIGHT ARROW WOULD!

LODGEPOLE LORE

THE *MEDICINE MAN* OF THE PLAINS INDIAN WAS A FIGURE AS GREAT AS, IF NOT GREATER THAN, THE CHIEF HIMSELF, AMONG HIS "TRICKS" WAS SHOOTING A WARRIOR WITH AN ARROW. THE BRAVE FELL, BLEEDING AND SEEMINGLY DEAD...

WITH CERTAIN MAGICAL WORDS, AND A PASSING OF HANDS ACROSS THE 'DEAD MAN'S' CHEST, THE MEDICINE MAN RESTORED HIM TO LIFE. NOT REVEALING THE FACT THAT A *HOLLOW* ARROWHEAD, WHICH SHATTERED ON CONTACT TO DOUSE THE VICTIM WITH ANIMAL'S BLOOD, WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE "MAGIC!"

THE *TRAVOIS* WAS A MEANS OF TRANSPORTATION USED BY THE PLAINS INDIANS, FORMED BY TWO SAPLINGS WHOSE ENDS DRAGGED ON THE GROUND, AND A LACING OF SINEWS TO JOIN THEM, SO THAT FOOD, BUFFALO ROBES AND WAR EQUIPMENT COULD BE CARRIED GREAT DISTANCES, THE TRAVOIS HAD THE ADDED ADVANTAGE OF BEING EASILY ASSEMBLED OR DISMANTLED.

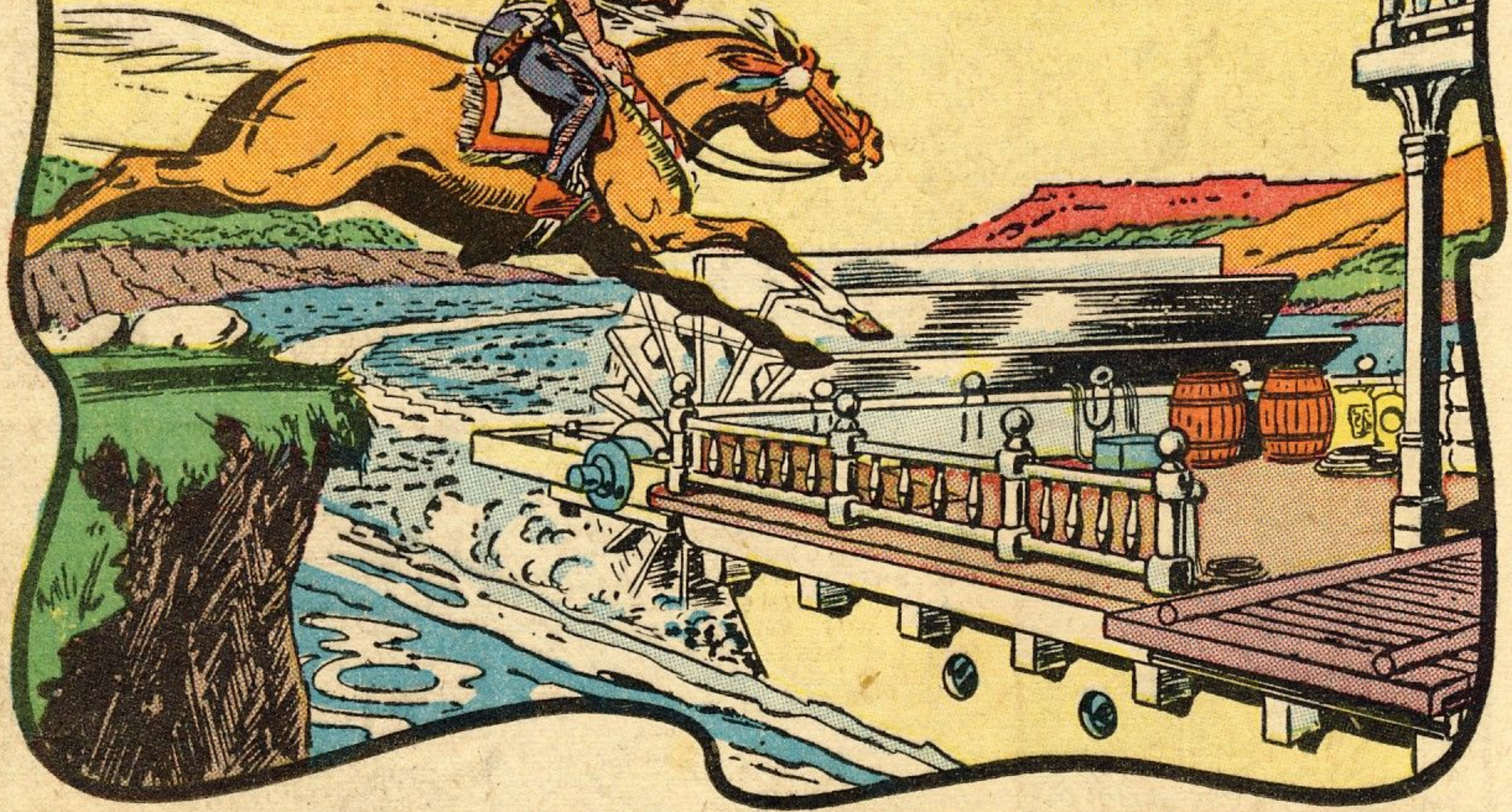
THE *WAR SHIELD* OF THE INDIAN WAS ROUND AND SMALL, MADE OF BUFFALO HIDE CAREFULLY TANNED. IT WAS DECORATED WITH A DESIGN AND ORNAMENTED WITH FEATHERS. THE SMALLER THE SHIELD, THE BRAVER THE MAN WHO BORE IT.

POWELL

STRAIGHT ARROW

THE RIVER QUEEN WAS A TINY PADDLEWHEELER THAT CAPTAIN JOSH CRAYLEY HAD CRATED BY OXCART AND CONESTOGA WAGON TO THE CANEBREAK RIVER. CAPTAIN CRAYLEY WAS THE ONLY PILOT OF THE ONLY RIVER BOAT WEST OF THE GREAT MUDDY... A BOAT THAT WAS TRANSPORTATION FOR RICH AND POOR, FOR HONEST AND CROOKED... EVEN FOR MEN WHO STOLE AND KILLED, AND SOUGHT TO ESCAPE BY WAY OF THE

"ROARING RIVER"



STRAIGHT ARROW

I THINK WE CAN GET YOU TO THE QUEEN BEFORE SHE DRIFTS VERY FAR! HANG ON TIGHT!

I'LL NEVER FORGET YE FER THIS, YOUNG FELLER!

SHIVER MY TIMBERS! WE MADE IT! I WAS FEARED THAT THE RAPIDS BELOW SAWTOOTH JUNCTION WOULD TAKE HER—AND SMASH HER TO DRIFTWOOD!

I'LL ROPE HER FOR YOU, CAPTAIN— MY SADDLE BRONC WILL HOLD HER UNTIL YOU GET ABOARD!

MADE IT, BY GUM! I CAN EDGE HER BACK TO THE DOCK IN SHORT ORDER NOW!

BETTER USE STRONGER HAWSER, TOO, CAP'N! ADIOS!

AS THE GALLANT RIVER QUEEN SWINGS BACK TO HER MOORINGS, TWO HARDFACED GUNMEN WATCH...

A NICE BOAT, THE RIVER QUEEN. I USED TO DO A MITE OF PILOTIN' MYSELF, BART—THAT'S HOW I KNOW. HMMM... RECKON SHE'LL COME IN HANDY WHEN WE ROB THE WELLS FARGO MONEY SHIPMENT!

HOW'S THAT?

EVERY OTHER RANNY WHO PULLS A JOB 'ROUND THESE PARTS HITS INTO THE HILLS. BUT NOT *US!* WE'LL RIDE TO TOWN... AN' *THE RIVER QUEEN!*

SAY, THAT'S MIGHTY SMART. WE DON'T LEAVE NO TRACKS THAT WAY! YUH GOT BRAINS, SNAKE, GOOD BRAINS!

SOME DAYS LATER, AFTER SEEING MESQUITE MOLLY OFF ON A SHOPPING TRIP ON THE RIVER QUEEN, STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY ARE HITTING UP INTO THE PINON RIDGES OF THE BROKEN BOW RANCH...

STEVE, YUH LOOK WORRIED! IS THET INJUN BLOOD OF YOURS SMELLIN' TROUBLE?

I DON'T KNOW. IT ISN'T ANYTHING TO PUT A HAND ON... JUST A FEELING. I'VE HAD THOSE FEELINGS BEFORE THOUGH. AND EVERYTIME I DID, IT MEANT—

PACKY, LOOK YONDER! MAYBE *THAT'S* THE TROUBLE I HAD IN MIND!

HMM-M!

SOME DISTANCE BELOW THE PINON-COVERED HOGBACK WHERE STEVE AND PACKY RIDE, TWO MEN ARE HUNKERED OVER A DYING CAMP-FIRE...

THERE'S MORE'N FIFTY THOUSAND IN CASH ON THET STAGE, BART. COVER THET FIRE GOOD— WE DON'T WANT NOBODY FINDIN' IT!

CAN'T TAKE CHANCES WITH THET MUCH MONEY AT STAKE, HUH?

HUH? WHAT?

SNAKE! TWO RIDERS!

MORNING, GENTS. BREAKING CAMP?

IRRITATED AT BEING DISCOVERED, SNAKE AND BART SNARL AT STEVE — WHO READS A RUTHLESS SAVAGERY DEEP IN THEIR NARROW EYES...

NO BUSINESS OF YOURS, STRANGER! JUST TURN 'ROUND AN' RIDE BACK WHERE YUH CAME FROM!

PRONTO!

THIS HAPPENS TO BE **MY** LAND, HOMBRES. I'VE A RIGHT TO ASK QUESTIONS...

GIT HIM, SNAKE!!

YOUR EYES GAVE YOU AWAY, HOMBRE!

I... GLUKKK!

WATCH THE OTHER ONE, PACKY... WHILE THIS GENT AND I SWAP PALAVER!

KENO, STEVE!

CLUNK

NOW — WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THESE PARTS?

WE JUST CAMPED OUT ON OUR WAY TO TOWN! IS THET ANY CRIME?

STRANGER, NO MAN CLEARS LEATHER WITH HIS SIXGUN JUST BECAUSE HE'S *CAMPING OUT!* NOW GET UP, THE TWO OF YOU— AND *GIT!*

AS THE HARDFACED GUNMEN MOUNT, ONE OF THEM SNARLS IN HOT ANGER.

I OUGHT TO SALIVATE HIM!

BELAY THAT, BART! LET'S VAMOOSE!

PACKY, FOLLOW THEIR TRAIL! THAT FEELING OF...TROUBLE ... DANGER... IS STRONG! I'M RIDING TO *SUNDOWN VALLEY!*

KENO, STEVE! I'LL STICK WITH 'EM LIKE A MUSTARD PLASTER!

SOME HOURS LATER, AS THE WILLOW BEND STAGE SWINGS AROUND A CORNER OF THE TRAIL, TWO MASKED MEN RACE FROM A GROVE OF COTTONWOODS, SIXGUNS BLASTING...

DRAW REIN! DRAW REIN!

I GOT THE GUARD!

I GOT 'EM!

DON'T SHOOT!

I'M ABOARD!

CLIMB DOWN, DRIVER! I AIM TO GIT THE GREEN WELLS FARGO BOX OUT OF THE REAR BOOT!

D-DON'T SHOOT!

BY CACTUS! STEVE WAS RIGHT! THOSE GENTS ARE ROAD AGENTS! I RECKON I CAN HANDLE 'EM!

STAY WITH THE HORSES, BART! LEAVE THIS HOMBRE TO ME!

I WISH YORE PARDNER WAS HERE!

HEY! I—!

WELLS FARGO

MEBBE NOW YUH WON'T BE SO NOSEY 'BOUT A COUPLE OF STRANGERS!

UGGGH!

CLUNK

TARNATION, BART! FIFTY THOUSAND!

LET'S VAMOOSE, SNAKE! HURRY UP! I GIT FUSSED, THINKIN' 'BOUT ALL THET CASH!

MEANWHILE, IN SUNDOWN VALLEY, A GREAT GOLDEN PALOMINO WHINNIES SHRILLY AS STEVE ADAMS APPLIES COMANCHE WAR PAINT...

WHEE-E-E-E

EASY, FURY! STRAIGHT ARROW WILL BE ON YOUR BACK SOON!

INTO THE SUNLIGHT GALLOPS THE GREAT HORSE, FURY... AND ON HIS BACK, THE COMANCHE WARRIOR... *STRAIGHT ARROW!*

KANEEWAH.....

FURY!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, THE POWERFUL FORM OF THE REDMAN VAULTS TO THE GROUND...

PACKY! PACKY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

RECKON I...AM, STRAIGHT ARROW. TOOK A GOSH AWFUL CLOUT ON TH' HEAD FROM ONE OF THOSE HOMBRES WHO WAS CAMPIN' IN THE HILLS!

HEY, GENTS... THE STAGE HAS BEEN ROBBED!

SO THEY WERE STAGE-ROBBERS? ROAD AGENTS!

THEY SURE WERE! AN' LIKE MOST OF THEM BAD HATS, THEY'LL HEAD INTO THE HILLS!

BUT SNAKE AND BART HAVE SPURRED THEIR SADDLERS INTO A HEADLONG FLIGHT TO WILLOW BEND...

CAP'N CRAYLEY IS JUST ABOUT TO CAST OFF, BART — WE TIMED THIS JUST RIGHT!

I'M ADMIRIN' YORE BRAINS MORE EVERY MINUTE, SNAKE!

ALMOST MISSED HER, GENTS!

ALMOST — BUT NOT QUITE! HOWDY, CAP'N!

AS STRAIGHT ARROW AND PACKY RIDE ACROSS THE FLATS,

MAYBE THOSE ROBBERS WILL HIT FOR THE HILLS, PACKY, BUT I DO NOT THINK SO. REMEMBER ONE OF THEM CRIED OUT: *BELAY THAT...?* THAT IS A *SAILOR'S* EXPRESSION.

I SAVVY YOUR DRIFT! THE RIVER QUEEN, HUH?

WE CAN CATCH THE RIVER QUEEN BEFORE SHE REACHES SAW TOOTH JUNCTION.

MAYBE WE KIN *CATCH* 'EM, BUT THEN WHAT? WE SHORE CAN'T ***FLY*** ABOARD!

ON THE RIVER QUEEN SOME HOURS LATER...

THET OLD FOOL OF A RIVER CAPTAIN IS BLOWIN' HIS WHISTLE. HUH! THERE AIN'T NO TRAFFIC ON THIS RIVER. I COULD STEER CIRCLES 'ROUND HIM!

YUH WON'T HAVE TO AFTER THET STAGE HOLDUP. WITH FIFTY THOUSAND IN CASH, WE'RE FIXED FER LIFE!

STOW THAT TALK. YUH NEVER KIN TELL WHO MIGHT BE... *LOOK! A FEMALE!*

WELL, NOW! A COUPLE OF OUTLAWS, SURE AS MY NAME IS MESQUITE MOLLY. CAPTAIN CRAYLEY WILL BE GLAD TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!

HUH!

COME ON, BART. SHE'S GOIN' TO TELL CRAYLEY 'BOUT US!

LET HER GO! WE'LL COME RIGHT AFTER HER. IF CRAYLEY SHOWS FIGHT — HE GITS HOT LEAD. I KIN STEER THIS OLD TUB TO SAWTOOTH JUNCTION!

AS THE RIVER QUEEN ROUNDS A BEND IN THE CANEBREAK RIVER, STRAIGHT ARROW STRAIGHTENS ON FURY WITH A SHARP CRY...

PACKY! THE BANDITS ARE IN THE PILOT HOUSE WITH CAPTAIN JOSH AND—MESQUITE MOLLY!

TARNATION, STRAIGHT ARROW! WE'RE LICKED! WE CAN'T GIT ABOARD HER NOW!

THERE IS A CHANCE! IF FURY CAN GET A GOOD RUNNING START HE MIGHT JUMP THE GAP!

WITH STRAIGHT ARROW'S VOICE CRYING ENCOURAGEMENT, THE MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION HURTLES FORWARD! HIS GREAT BODY TENSES! HIS POWERFUL LEGS THRUST...

FOR AN INSTANT MAN AND HORSE HANG AS IF SUSPENDED IN MIDAIR. THEN—

HAPOW SEEWATH, FURY! WELL DONE!

AN INJUN! I'LL TAKE CARE O' HIM!

I DARE NOT FIRE! I MIGHT HIT THE CAPTAIN, OR MOLLY! I MUST GET CLOSE ENOUGH... TO FIGHT HIM WITH MY HANDS!

NOW HOMBRE—!

I'LL HELP, REDMAN! I—

AAAGHHH!

REDMAN, LOOK— THE RAPIDS!

Yiii!

A HUSH FALLS IN THE PILOT HOUSE. WITH ONE THOUGHT, EVERYONE TURNS TO STARE AT THE BROILING WATERS. ONCE CAUGHT IN THAT AWFUL POWER... THE ONLY ESCAPE IS... DEATH!

MAYBE CAP'N JOSH CAN SAVE US!

NO! I - I SHOT HIM!

CAPTAIN! WE ARE IN THE RAPIDS! HE'S ONLY STUNNED. GET SOME WATER, MESQUITE MOLLY!

SNAKE! YUH SAID YUH COULD STEER THIS TUB!

I... NOT IN TH' *RAPIDS*. I - I'M SCARED!

A PAILFUL OF COLD RIVER WATER IS DOUSED OVER THE OLD CAPTAIN! AIDED BY THE COMANCHE'S POWERFUL ARM, HE GRASPS THE WHEEL...

CAN YOU MANAGE, CAPTAIN?

MEBBE...WITH LUCK... I CAN TURN HER AROUND.

ONE MOVE FROM EITHER OF YOU GENTS, AND THIS GUN MIGHT GO OFF!

WHEELS CHURNING WATER, ENGINES GROANING WITH STRAIN, THE RIVER QUEEN BACKS UP... SWINGS IN THE CURRENT...

WE'RE GOING TO MAKE IT! HOORAY!

WITH SURE HANDS, CAPTAIN CRAYLEY STEERS HIS PRIDE AND JOY TOWARD SAWTOOTH JUNCTION AND SAFETY. BESIDE HIM...

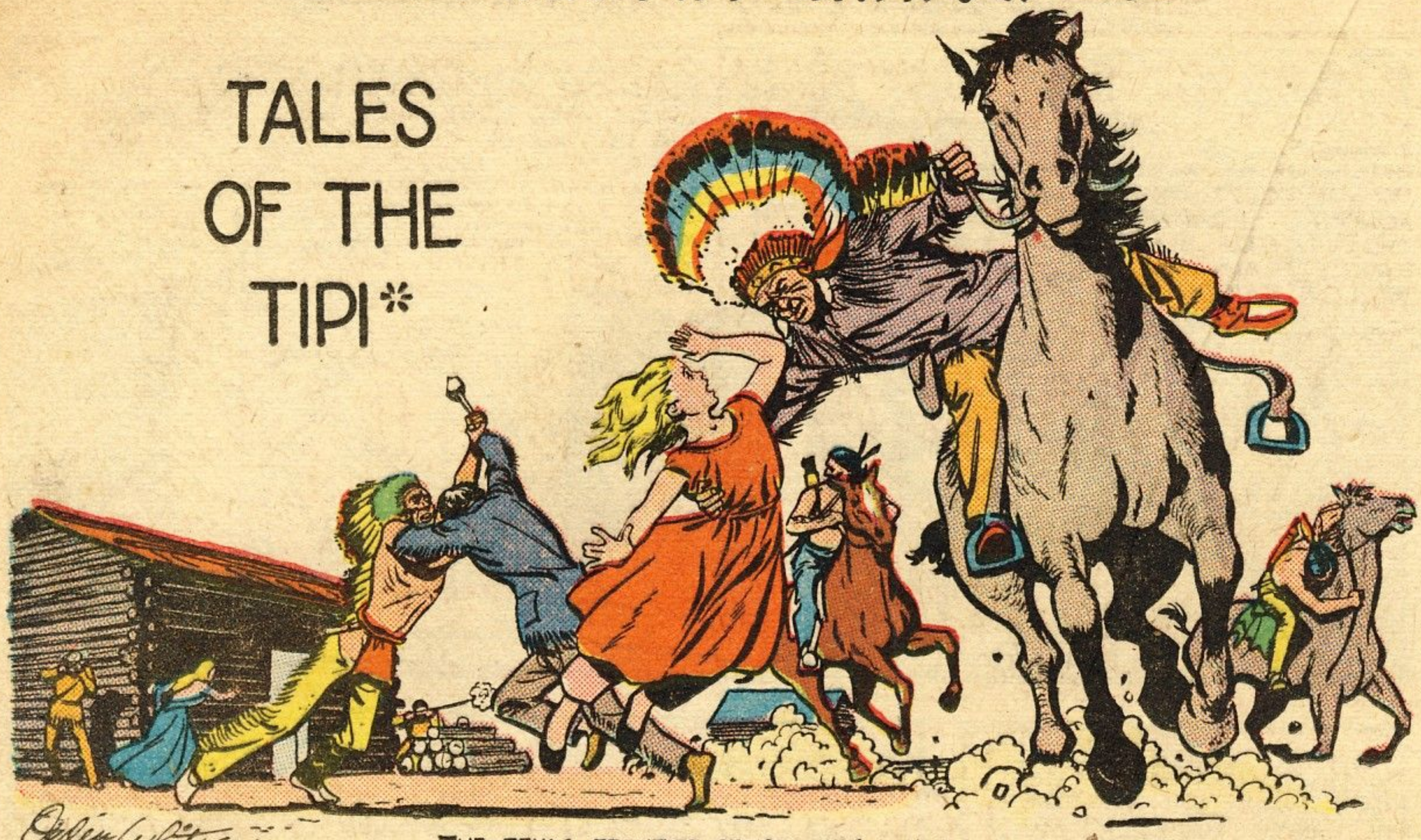
I'M HOLDING YOU FOR THE SHERIFF! WE'LL FIND THE STOLEN MONEY IN YOUR SADDLE BAGS... AND THIS BROKEN SPUR WILL PROVE YOU WERE IN THE VICINITY WHEN THE ROBBERY TOOK PLACE!

RECKON THET HORSE IS 'BOUT THE FASTEST THING ON LAND THERE EVER WAS! IMAGINE CATCHIN' THE RIVER QUEEN AFTER SHE HAD SUCH A HEAD START. I'M 'BOUT AS PROUD O' HIM AS I AM O' MY RIVER QUEEN...!

KANEEE-WAH, FURY!

LISTEN TO STRAIGHT ARROW ON YOUR LOCAL MUTUAL RADIO STATION

TALES OF THE TIPI*



Ogden Whitney

THE TEXAS FRONTIER OF 1836 WAS A WILD AND LAWLESS REGION. THE STAND OF THE TEJANOS AT THE ALAMO HAD TAKEN PLACE THREE MONTHS BEFORE. RAIDING BANDS OF WAR-PAINTED COMANCHE AND KIOWAS WERE HARASSING RANCHES AND FORTS. AND EARLY ONE MORNING, WHEN THE DEWS WERE STILL ON THE FIELDS, THE WARHOOP SOUNDED AT FORT PARKER...

OUT OF THE BLOODSHED AND HEARTACHE OF THIS ANGUISHED DAY WAS TO COME THE STRANGE TALE OF THE CLEVEREST WARCHIEF OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER — THE MAN WHO WAS PART-WHITE, PART-RED — THE MAN KNOWN AS...

*ED. NOTE: ***TIPI***: ALSO KNOWN AS ***TEPEE***.

THE SPELLING ***TIPI*** IS TAKEN FROM THE SIOUX: ***TI***—*"DWELLING"*; ***PI***—*"USED FOR."* EACH TRIBE HAD ITS OWN WORD TO DESIGNATE THE TIPI.

THE WHITE COMANCHE!

PAHAWKA WAS THE WAR CHIEF WHO SCOOPED LITTLE CYNTHIA ANN PARKER UP AND GALLOPED OFF WITH HER...

KYA-EEE! RIDE, CHILDREN OF COMANCHERIA! CHILDREN RIDE!

WE WILL ADOPT THESE WHITE CHILDREN. WE WILL MAKE THEM MEMBERS OF THE KOTCHATECKA BUFFALOS OR THE NOYEKA ANTELOPES! THEY WILL BE GOOD COMANCHES, EVEN THOUGH THEIR SKINS ARE WHITE!

AS THE DAYS AND WEEKS GREW INTO YEARS, CYNTHIA ANN PARKER GREW INTO WOMANHOOD. COURTING HER CAME PETA NOKONA, YOUTHFUL COMANCHE WARCHIEF...

DO YOU COURT ME, PETA NOKONA? I AM NOT RED OF SKIN, NOR BLACK OF HAIR. I AM WHITE... YELLOW-HAIRED!

WHO CAN READ THE STORY OF THE HEART, CYNTHIA? ALL I KNOW IS— I LOVE YOU!

CYNTHIA ANN...WHO WAS NOW AS MUCH COMANCHE AS THE MAN WHO WOOED HER... LOVED THIS TALL WARCHIEF. SHE WEDDED HIM ACCORDING TO COMANCHE RITES, AND SOME YEARS LATER...

IT IS A BOY, PETA NOKONA! A BIG STRONG BOY! HE WILL GROW INTO A FAMOUS WARCHIEF!

TA-GIA! GOOD!

GOOD! MY SON HAS STRONG ARM! HE BENDS A POWERFUL BOW! PRELOCK* MY WIFE, HAS BEEN GOOD TO ME!

QUANAH IS FLEET WITH THE SPEED OF THE WHITE-TAILED ANTELOPE! *HA!* SOON NOW HE WILL RIDE WITH THE OTHER COMANCHES UPON THE WAR TRAIL. I MYSELF WILL BE HIS WAR CHIEF!

BUT WHEN QUANAH WAS ONLY TWELVE YEARS OLD, HIS FATHER WAS KILLED BY TEXAS RANGERS. ALONE, YOUNG QUANAH FACED LIFE AN ORPHAN (CYNTHIA ANN PARKER WAS RETURNED TO HER PEOPLE BY THE RANGERS)..

I WILL NOT STARVE! THERE IS NO OTHER HUNTER AMONG ALL THE LODGES AS CLEVER AS QUANAH!

*COMANCHE NAME FOR CYNTHIA ANN.

A DOZEN ANTELOPE STEAKS WILL GAIN ME SLEEP FOR HALF A MOON IN ANY TIPI QUANAH WANTS!

LOOK! QUANAH HUNTS WITH THE SWIFTNESS OF THE *KOUDL-TAE*, THE EAGLE!

TA'BA! TA' BA!

HE BRINGS ANTELOPE! WILD HARE! TASTY QUAIL!

WAKEA, PRETTY DAUGHTER OF THE CHIEF, YELLOW BEAR, LOVED QUANAH. BUT WAKEA HAD MANY SUITORS, AMONG THEM EKIOTACUP, WHO WAS RICH WITH HORSES AND THE SKINS OF BUFFALO..

OLD EKIOTACUP IS RICH! I HAVE A SINGLE PONY! AND YET — IF I SHOULD LOSE WAKEA...LIFE WOULD LOSE ITS SAVOR...!

ONE NIGHT...

WAKEA! FLY WITH ME SOUTH TO TEIHA'NEI-DAM— TEXAS!

I WILL GO ANYWHERE WITH YOU, MY BELOVED!

WHO ARE THESE YOUNG MEN WHO RIDE WITH US, QUANAH?

COMANCHE WARRIORS! THEY TAKE THE WAR-TRAIL WITH ME. WE GO SOUTH TO CAPTURE HORSES — MANY HORSES!

IN A DAY WHEN A COMANCHE'S WEALTH WAS MEASURED IN GREAT PART BY THE EXTENT OF HIS HORSE HERD, THE STAKED PLAINS OF TEXAS OFFERED CLEVER HORSE-THIEVES A MARVELOUS OPPORTUNITY...

WHEN DARKNESS COMES, WE RIDE!

TA-GIA! GOOD!

KYA! KYA! KYA!

HIEEDA! HIEEDA!

THE ULULATING WARCRY OF THE COMANCHE RANG LOUD IN THE NIGHT AIR...

KY'AAAADL-EEEEEE!

THEY ARE BREAKING, BROTHERS! NOW GATHER THE HORSES. RIDE, RIDE!

AIEE'YAAA!

FOR MONTHS, QUANAH AND HIS YOUNG COMANCHES RAIDED ALONG THE *LLANO ESTACADO*, THEN MOVED NORTHWARD INTO THE PANHANDLE...

ARMY HORSES HEAP GOOD HORSES! TAKE PLENTY!

KOUDEI GYAT-AEDA! I WILL GO SWIFTLY—TOO SWIFTLY FOR THEIR PONIES TO FOLLOW! AND THE HERD WILL BE SAFELY HIDDEN WHILE THE BLUECOATS CHASE ME...

NOW I WILL REJOIN MY BROTHERS. TRULY, THIS RAID HAS MADE US ALL RICH MEN!

BUT IN THE RED RIVER COUNTRY WHERE THE COMANCHES PITCHED THEIR TIPIS, OLD EKIOTACUP WAS FILLED WITH RAGE AGAINST YOUNG QUANAH..

THE DAE'AM KIA HAS PROMISED ME SUCCESS! I HAVE PAID THE MEDICINE MAN WELL FOR HIS WORDS. NOW I ASK PERMISSION TO FIND WAKEA—AND RETURN HER TO HER FATHER'S LODGE!

GO, THEN. BRING HER SAFELY HOME, EKIOTACUP!

BUT WHEN EKIOTACUP FOUND QUANAH...

WELL MET, OLD MAN. LOOK BEHIND ME—SEE THE STRONG HORSES, THE FLEET MARES AND STALLIONS—ALL MINE!

QUANAH IS RICH NOW, OLD ONE... RICHER THAN YOU!

EH, IT IS FATE. WHO CAN FIGHT FATE? STILL..WITH TEN FLEET MARES AS MY GIFT...MY FRIENDSHIP WOULD WIN OVER YELLOW BEAR...

TAKE THE MARES! WIN A PLACE FOR WAKEA AND ME IN THE HEART OF HER FATHER... AND A PLACE TO PITCH OUR TIPI IN THE COMANCHE VILLAGES!

HIS RAIDS MADE THE NAME OF QUANAH FAMOUS FROM THE RED TO THE WITCHITA RIVERS. YOUNG MEN BEGGED TO JOIN HIS WAR PARTIES. HE RAIDED, ALWAYS SUCCESSFULLY....

HIII-YYYYIIII!

NOW A GREAT WAR CHIEF, THE WHITE COMANCHE COMMANDED LARGE FORCES OF WARRIORS. HE RODE WITH CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHOE IN THE ATTACK ON ADOBE WALLS IN 1874...

I SHALL LEAD THE FIRST CHARGE!

SHRILLING HIS DEFIANCE, QUANAH TOED HIS PONY TO A GALLOP. BEHIND HIM CAME THE FLOWER OF THE PLAINS INDIANS; WHOOPING AND YELLING...

KYAAAA! AIEEEE!

FOUR CHARGES QUANAH LED THAT HOT JUNE AFTERNOON. AND FOUR TIMES THEIR ATTACK SHATTERED BEFORE THE LONG RIFLES OF THE BUFFALO HUNTERS!

WHITE MEN SHOOT TOO GOOD! KILL COMANCHE...CHEYENNE... ARAPAHOE! BUT QUANAH KILL, TOO!

HIAAA! CHARGE! CHARGE!

BUT QUANAH'S INDIVIDUAL FEATS OF BRAVERY COULD NOT STEM THE WHITE MEN'S BULLETS. THE INDIANS TURNED BACK DEFEATED AND BITTER...

BE OF CHEER, MY BROTHERS. WE HAVE FAILED ONCE, BUT WE WILL NOT ALWAYS FAIL! WE SHALL GO SOUTH, DEEP INTO TEXAS. THERE WE SHALL FIND PLENTY GLORY FOR ALL!

A DETACHMENT OF TEXAS RANGERS TRIED TO HALT QUANAH...

COMANCHES AN' KIOWAS!

HERE THEY COME! DON'T WASTE A BULLET!

HYAAAAAA!

WHITE MAN KILL BUFFALO! STEAL INDIAN'S LANDS! LIKE TO KILL RED MAN! WHEN RED MAN FIGHT BACK—THEY CALL HIM SAVAGE! TA-GIA!

BUT THE WHITE MEN WERE POURING INTO THE FRONTIER SO SWIFTLY THAT QUANAH REALIZED THE RED MAN'S DAYS WERE NUMBERED. FINALLY, LIKE THE GREAT CHIEF HE WAS, HE CAME IN TO FORT SILL...

WITH AMERICAN HORSE AND GERONIMO, QUANAH PARKER (HE TOOK HIS MOTHER'S NAME WHEN HE "BECAME CIVILIZED") TOOK PART IN THE INAUGURAL PARADE OF PRESIDENT THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN WASHINGTON, D.C...

QUANAH NOT SURRENDER. QUANAH COME MAKE FRIENDS!

AS A FRIEND, I GREET YOU. THERE SHALL BE NO MORE WAR BETWEEN US!

LATER, QUANAH PARKER WENT HUNTING WITH THE PRESIDENT...

WE FIND WOLVES IN TIMBER BELT.

GOOD! I'VE BEEN HANKERING FOR A SHOT AT A WOLF FOR MONTHS!

RICH, AS WEALTH WAS MEASURED IN THOSE DAYS, QUANAH PARKER GREW OLD—AS HEAD CHIEF OF THE COMANCHES, AND GOOD FRIEND TO THE WHITE PEOPLE...

-SIGH- IT IS GOOD TO REST, BUT MY SPIRIT SEEKS THE OPEN PLACES...

DROWSING AND DREAMING, QUANAH ROCKED ON, BUT IN HIS PIPE SMOKE...

QUANAH GREAT HUNTER! QUANAH WAR CHIEF! KAA-GIIAAA!

TIMMY TAKES THE TRAIL

TIMMY Reilly moved carefully across the waterless ground packed with clumps of maguey, their yellow blossoms glinting in the sun. The eleven year old boy was perfectly sheltered. Crouched down, he watched the rider move toward him at a lope. Timmy gathered his legs beneath him, and opened his mouth —

"Yee-ai-owwwww!" he shrieked.

"By cactus!" yelped the leathery-faced rider, grabbing at the reins as his horse pitchforked under him, leaping and driving upwards in the air. "By cactus! Must be a mountain lion after our calves!"

"Ha-ha!" laughed Timmy, standing in full view. "Packy, I sure fooled you that time! You never saw me!"

Packy scowled ferociously, to hide the delight in his keen old eyes. He was proud of little Timmy — proud that the hours spent with him teaching him to trail, to hide in the desert shrubs, to find water where even the animals could not find it, had not been wasted. But he did not let Timmy know that. So he scowled even more fiercely and leaned down.

"Timmy Reilly, yuh're jest what Mesquite calls yuh — an imp! Dadgum, boy. Don't yuh know yuh jest scared nigh onto a hull year off'n me by them Injun tactics?"

"Golly, Packy," exclaimed Timmy, digging at the dirt with his toe. "I didn't mean to scare you *that* badly."

"Harummpphh," grunted Packy. "Wal, now. Mebbe it wasn't quite that awful — but almost. S'pose yuh jest turn about an' hit back to the ranch. I'll betcha Mesquite got some firewood to be chopped, or water to be pumped from the well."

"Keno, Packy — Keno!" yelled Timmy as he turned and ran back up the slope of the ridge.

"By cactus," chuckled Packy. "The little button is makin' fun o' me. Keno! Huh — thet's what I allus tell Straight Arr — I mean Steve!"

Timmy ran easily, balanced well forward on the toes of his feet. Comanche moccasins, fitted to his foot by White Deer of the Kwahadi Comanches, made each step light and springy. He wore a soft elkskin jacket and blue levis. A hunting knife with a horn handle bobbed at his belt.

He was among the rocks that formed a tall hogback west of the Broken Bow ranch when his keen nostrils caught the faint trace of cigarette smoke. Instantly Timmy was on the ground, pressed flat, elbowing himself over the loose shale until he lay on the top edge of a fifteen foot cliff.

Below him, two hardfaced men were hunkered down, conversing in low tones. Timmy strained to catch their words.

" — tomorrow at eleven. I got everything we'll need."

"Good. The stage will be loaded down with that gold dust shipment from the hills that Wells-Fargo is carryin.' I allus did hanker to lay my hands on one o' those green boxes!"

Timmy opened his eyes wide. Stagecoach robbers! He saw the curving gunbutts and the carbines thrust into the saddle holsters. Carefully he noted their worn clothing that spoke of long hours on the trail. *They're longriders,* he told himself. *A real pair of bad hats!* Timmy quivered in his eagerness. But he did not betray himself. Packy had

schooled him thoroughly in Indian patience, in the art of lying silent and unmoving for hours at a time.

After a while, the gunmen tossed their cigarettes away and swung up into their saddles. They cantered southward past an outcropping of volcanic stone around a bend in the trail, and out of sight.

Timmy came to his feet explosively. Cautiously he went down that fifteen foot cliff-side. Then, on level ground, he began to run.

* * *

It was well after dark when Packy came into the lighted living room of the Broken Bow ranch house. Mesquite Molly came out of the kitchen, drying her hand on a dish-towel.

"Land sakes, Packy, where've you been? I promised Timmy he could stay up to talk to you tonight."

"Talk to me? What about?"

"About a stage robbery, Packy," shouted Timmy, racing into the room. "I heard two men talking about it after I left you this afternoon. They looked like real bad hombres."

Packy scratched his cheek. "Hold-up, huh? Where's it to take place?"

"Golly, I don't know," murmured Timmy. "They didn't say. But it's to be tomorrow. That much I do know."

"Keno, boy. Yuh go git some sleep. Tomorrow morning, yuh'n me'll ride into town an' see the sheriff!"

* * *

It was two hours after dawn when the sheriff squinted up at Packy and Timmy as they swung down out of their saddles. Packy told his story, and Timmy added whatever he could.

"Well," said the sheriff. "Come along. I reckon 't won't do no harm to warn the guard an' driver."

The stagecoach was being packed. Men swung the green Wells-Fargo box up under the front boot as the sheriff stood talking to the heavily armed guard. Another man was tossing luggage into the rear boot.

The guard was saying, "We ain't carryin' no passengers this trip. Reckon if anybody's fool enough to throw down on us, they'll collect plenty of lead. Wells-Fargo's sendin' along a guard, too. We'll be all right. But thanks fer the warnin', anyhow!"

Packy nodded, and put a hand on Timmy's shoulder. "Okay, son. Go an' see yer friends. I got some shoppin' to do for Mesquite!"

But Timmy had other ideas. As soon as Packy had disappeared in the general store next to the blacksmith shop, Timmy ducked behind the big Concord stage. He removed grips and bundles, until he had made himself a hiding place in the roomy rear boot. Then he pulled the bags and grips in after him. He was hidden completely.

After a while, the stage started. It rocked and bounced on its thorough-braces for an hour, then two hours. Inside the rear boot, Timmy was hot and uncomfortable. He wished desperately for a drink of cool well water —

BAROOOOMMMM!

Instinctively, Timmy ducked as the very earth rocked. Almost instantly half a ton of rock and debris slammed down on the coach, crushing it. Timmy was thrown free, tumbling heels over head along the ground.

"Dynamite!" he yelped. "They've dynamited a part of Needle Canyon—"

He stopped rolling, turned and ran back toward the crushed stage. The driver and guards, though unhurt, were dazed from shock, and lay helpless. From the smoking rocks, the two hardfaced men were running, guns in their hands —

Timmy made a leaping dive. He caught and lifted a big Colt from the driver's holster. He held it steady, and pulled the trigger. The recoil almost knocked him off his feet, and his bullet flew high over the two men, but the shot halted them. One shouted, "A button! Come on, Tex, let's git him!"

But the Colt in Timmy's hand fired again, and again. Bullets flew all around the gunmen. They dove for cover. Timmy dropped down behind the stagecoach. The gun in his hand was shaking. Sweat stood out on his forehead. *They'll get me for sure,* he told himself. *They'll circle around behind me...*

He was trapped. He had done all a boy could do. Now... well, now he could die.. like a man!

A gun roared, off to one side. It roared again, and again. A man howled in pain. A voice yelled, "Don't shoot ag'in. Don't shoot!"

"By cactus!" howled a familiar voice. "Git up on them legs o' your'n, yuh yaller sidewinders! Hevin' a gun duel with a 'leven year old boy! Doggone, when I tell this story 'round, yuh polecats will be laughed at so much . . ."

Packy was scowling when Timmy came out from behind the stagecoach. He growled, "Huh! Think yuh're a hero, do yuh? Ef I hadn't missed yuh back in town an' come after yuh — huh!"

Packy scowled again, but even he couldn't hide the pride in his eyes as he looked down at Timmy. Packy blew his nose loudly. "Keno, Timmy," he whispered. "Keno, by cactus!"

THE END

STRAIGHT ARROW

KIDNAPPING, TO THE FIERCE MESCALERO APACHES, WAS A SPORT. THEY SWOOPED ON LONELY WAGONS AND RANCHES—CARRIED OFF WOMEN AND CHILDREN—AND SOLD THEM BACK, SAFE AND SOUND, FOR WHATEVER REWARD WOULD BE PAID.

BUT WHEN JONAS TATE OF OXBOW RANCH WAS ASKED TO RANSOM A CAPTIVE, HE SAW A CHANCE TO TURN ANOTHER'S MISFORTUNE TO HIS OWN GOOD FORTUNE. IN ANSWER TO THIS UNSPOKEN CHALLENGE, CAME THE COMANCHE WARRIOR, ***STRAIGHT ARROW***, RIDING HIS GOLDEN PALOMINO, FURY, TO WARD OFF THE DANGER OF...

APACHE VENGEANCE!

SHRILL YELPS AND SHOUTS SOUND ABOVE THE CREAK OF WAGON AXLES AS SPENCER CARBINES AND APACHE BOWS WHISTLE A HAIL OF BULLETS AND ARROWS THROUGH THE AIR.

GOT ONE OF 'EM!

WILL! WILL! THERE ARE TOO MANY...!

AN APACHE LEAPS AT THE WHITE MAN, TOPPLING HIM BACK ONTO THE HORSES.

AAA1-1-EEEE!!

THE APACHE SLAMS THE WHITE MAN WITH A WAR CLUB, HITTING HIM ON THE HEAD AS THEY ROLL DOWN OFF THE REARING HORSES.

WHITE MAN - BELONG TO APACHE NOW!

WILL! WILL - WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO US?

MUST BE GOING TO KEEP US FER RANSOM, NELLY. AIN'T NO OTHER REASON THESE APACHES WOULD WANT US - ALIVE!

SOME DAYS LATER, AS JONAS TATE, FOREMAN OF THE OXBOW RANCH, IS REPAIRING A SADDLE, A HARSH VOICE HAILS HIM...

HODENAO, CHIEF OF APACHES, COMES FOR PARLEY. HAVE WHITE WOMAN, WHITE MAN. WANT HORSES!

HUH? WHAT? OH, I SAVVY!

YOU'LL TRADE HORSES FOR THE MAN AN' WOMAN, HUH? WELL, NOW! MEBBE YUH'LL TRADE 'EM FER THAT WORTHLESS HIDE OF YOURS. GIT DOWN!

YOU MAKE BIG MISTAKE, WHITE MAN. APACHE NOT FORGET THIS!

TALK TO ME LIKE THAT, HUH? THIS'LL LEARN YUH!

OHHH, PLEASE! IF YOU DON'T DO WHAT HE ASKS, THE APACHES WILL TORTURE AND KILL MY HUSBAND!

IN THE BREAKS AND GORGES NORTH OF THE BROKEN BOW RANCH, STEVE ADAMS AND PACKY ARE HUNTING A COUGAR THAT HAS BEEN PREYING ON BROKEN BOW HERDS...

PACKY! LOOK! ABOVE YOU!

HUH? OHHH!

HAVE TO SAVE PACKY! I CAN'T LET... UGGH!

WOUNDED AND SAVAGE, THE MADDENED CAT ROLLS STEVE OVER AND OVER!

ONE SHOT... IN THE HEART... IS ALL... I ASK!

BY CACTUS, STEVE! I FIGGERED YUH WAS A GONER SURE, THEN! MY HEART IS HAMMERING SO LOUD - DOGGONE! SOUNDS KIND O' FUNNY, TOO!

THAT ISN'T YOUR *HEART* YOU HEAR, PACKY! *LISTEN!*

THOSE ARE *APACHE WAR DRUMS!* SOMETHING'S UP!

THUNDERATION, STEVE! YUH'RE RIGHT AS WATER ON A HOT DAY! BUT WHAT YUH AIM TO DO?

MOST OF THE APACHES HAVE BEEN PEACEFUL—BUT THOSE DRUMS ARE SUMMONING THEM TO A WAR PARTY.

I CAN'T LEARN ANYTHING AS STEVE ADAMS.

...BUT YUH CAN AS *STRAIGHT ARROW*, HUH? KENO, STEVE! IT'S SUNDOWN VALLEY FOR YOU!

HIDDEN IN SUNDOWN VALLEY IS A GREAT CAVE. WITHIN THE CAVE ARE COMANCHE WARBOW AND GOLDEN ARROWS... AND A MIGHTY GOLDEN STALLION..

FURY! IT IS I —

DEFT HANDS APPLY COMANCHE PAINT! ELKSKIN LEGGINS AND SHIRT ARE DONNED! A BOW AND GOLDEN ARROWS ARE TAKEN FROM THE WALLS!

MOMENTS LATER...

KANEEWAH, FURY! KANEEWAH!!

MEANWHILE, ON THE OXBOW RANCH, JONAS TATE GRINS WITH CRUEL HUMOR...

HAVE YUH GONE LOCO, TATE? KEEPIN' THET APACHE CHIEF A PRISONER WILL BRING HIS WHOLE TRIBE ON US!

THEY'LL KILL EVERYBODY AND BURN THE RANCH DOWN!

I KNOW THET, BOYS. IT'S JUST WHAT I **WANT** TO HAPPEN! I'LL TELL YUH MORE TONIGHT...

STRAIGHT ARROW

AS DARKNESS FRINGES THE BRUSH AND CANVAS HOUSES OF THE APACHES, A TALL COMANCHE WALKS BOLDLY FORWARD...

WHAT DOES COMANCHE WANT IN APACHE VILLAGE?

I AM STRAIGHT ARROW, CHATTO. I AM FRIEND OF ALL RED MEN. I HEARD THE WAR DRUMS OF YOUR PEOPLE. THEY SUMMONED IN YOUR HUNTERS.

A BAND OF OUR YOUNG MEN ATTACKED A WAGON TRAIN. HODENAO TOOK THE WOMAN TO BE RANSOMED. NOW HODENAO IS PRISONER. APACHES WANT REVENGE!

I SEE. BUT IF YOU TAKE THE WAR TRAIL, THE BLUECOAT SOLDIERS WILL ATTACK AND KILL YOUR PEOPLE.

MY PEOPLE WILL FIGHT FOR THEIR RIGHTS. WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?

I AM NOT SURE. GIVE ME A LITTLE TIME. PERHAPS I CAN FREE HODENAO!

WE RIDE AFTER COMANCHE FRIEND. IF HE GET HODENAO, WE DO NOT ATTACK. IF HE FAILS —

AI-EE-YAH! THEN WE RIDE! MAKE WHITE MAN TASTE APACHE BULLETS!

ALL NIGHT STRAIGHT ARROW RIDES BENEATH THE BRILLIANT MOONLIGHT, THE DRUMMING HOOVES OF THE APACHES FAR BEHIND HIM. SOME HOURS AFTER DAWN HE REINS UP IN THE FRONT YARD OF THE OXBOW RANCH...

I AM STRAIGHT ARROW. I HAVE COME TO WARN YOU THAT UNLESS YOU FREE YOUR PRISONER, THE APACHES WILL ATTACK YOU!

I DON'T KNOW 'BOUT ANY APACHE PRISONER. LET'S GO TO THE BUNKHOUSE AND SEE MY FOREMAN.

IF HE IS KEEPING HIM A PRISONER, HE IS A FOOL!

NOT SUCH A FOOL! I WANT THEM INJUNS TO COME A-RAIDIN'! LET 'EM GIT RID OF CAREW AND HIS FAMILY FER ME. THEN WHEN THEM INJUNS IS FINISHED, ME AN' A FEW OF THE BOYS WILL COME BACK — AN' TAKE OVER THE RANCH! SIMPLE, ISN'T IT?

COME ON, RED-MAN! I'M READY FOR YOU! AGGGH!

GRAB HIM!

NOW, TATE— THIS WILL BE SETTLED— BETWEEN US

I'LL GET HIM OFF YUH, JONAS!

GNNGGGG!!

I'LL HELP YUH, STRAIGHT ARROW!

NOT IF I CAN HELP IT, YUH WON'T...!

CLUNK

REELING AND SWAYING, FISTS DRIVING LIKE PISTONS, THE GIANT COMANCHE SWEEPS MEN BEFORE HIM.....

CAREW— ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

NO! I--- UGGH!

INJUN—LET GO OF TATE OR I DRILL CAREW!

YOU WIN— FOR NOW!

DOGGONE! HE GOT AWAY!

BUT WE GOT CAREW AND HIS FOLKS! ALL WE GOT TO DO IS LEAVE 'EM HERE— AN' THOSE APACHES WILL DO THE REST.

SOME MILES FROM THE OXBOW SPREAD, STRAIGHT ARROW REINS IN HIS GOLDEN STALLION...

STRAIGHT ARROW! THE APACHES ARE BEYOND YONDER ROCKS. THEY SEEN YUH RIDE AWAY FROM THE RANCH!

THAT MEANS THEY KNOW I HAVE FAILED, PACKY. THEY WILL ATTACK!

TAKE THESE GOLDEN ARROWS, PACKY! TRAIL THE WHITE MEN WHO WILL ABANDON THE RANCH. DROP AN ARROW OCCASIONALLY SO THAT I CAN FOLLOW.

KENO, STRAIGHT ARROW!

AT A FULL GALLOP, THE COMANCHE RIDES TO INTERCEPT THE APACHES...

CHATTO! HODENAO IS SAFE AT THE RANCH — BUT THE MEN WHO TOOK HIM PRISONER HAVE FLED! THEY WANT YOU TO KILL INNOCENT WHITE MEN — SO THEY CAN TAKE OVER THE RANCH.

IS THIS TRUTH YOU SPEAK, COMANCHE?

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF, CHATTO! A FRIEND HAS MARKED THEIR TRAIL. WE FOLLOW IT!

THE APACHE HAVE HEARD OF THEIR RED BROTHER, STRAIGHT ARROW, AND KNOW HE SPEAKS GOOD WORDS. WE WILL DO AS YOU SAY!

IN A LONELY LOG CABIN HIGH IN THE HILLS...

TATE! THE 'PACHES! THEY'VE TRAILED US HERE! THEY'RE LED BY THAT COMANCHE YUH FOUGHT IN THE BUNKHOUSE — WHO CALLS HIMSELF, *STRAIGHT ARROW!*

WHAT!!

YELLING AND SHOUTING, THE MESCALERO APACHES POUR IN A WITHERING FIRE AS THEY CIRCLE THE CABIN...

PEN THEM INSIDE! GIVE ME A CHANCE TO GET IN THE BACK WAY!

Yii-i!

Yii!!

Yii!!

SLIPPING FROM FURY'S BACK, STRAIGHT ARROW HURLS HIMSELF AT THE CABIN DOOR. HINGES SNAP! WOOD SPLINTERS! THE COMANCHE CHIEFTAIN HURTLES INWARD...

LOOK!

IT'S THE REDMAN!

I DON'T WANT YOU MEN...

HOOOFF-F!

GNNYAAAA!

I DON'T WANT YOU TWO EITHER...

KEEP HIM AWAY! KEEP HIM AWAY!

YOU ARE THE MAN I WANT JONAS TATE!

AMID A SHOWER OF FLAMES AND SPARKS, THE RED MAN BRINGS JONAS TATE TO THE FLOOR.

WHITE MEN DROP GUNS!

COME ALONG, TATE! CAREW WILL WANT TO PREFER CHARGES AGAINST YOU AS WILL HODENAO AND CHATTO!

HOURS LATER, IN THE SHADOWS OF FORT DESPAIR...

TATE AND HIS MEN WILL BE SENT TO JAIL! MEANWHILE THE APACHES MUST SWEAR PEACE TO ALL WAGON TRAINS.

UGGH! APACHES WILL PROMISE PEACE!

OUR COMANCHE BROTHER HAS SHOWN US THE TRUE PATH. THE MAN WILL BE RETURNED AS WAS THE WOMAN. WE WILL NEVER RAID AGAIN.

ON FURY! KANE-E-E-E-WAH!

LISTEN TO STRAIGHT ARROW ON YOUR LOCAL MUTUAL RADIO STATION

STRAIGHT ARROW

"ARCHERY"

Hold the center of bow with left hand

Insert arrow perpendicular to the string...

While loading, hold the bow level with the ground and don't attempt to load while bringing the bow up to the firing position.

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The left side of the body should face the target

The arrow is not sighted but is aimed as you would when throwing a base ball.

Forearm in line with arrow

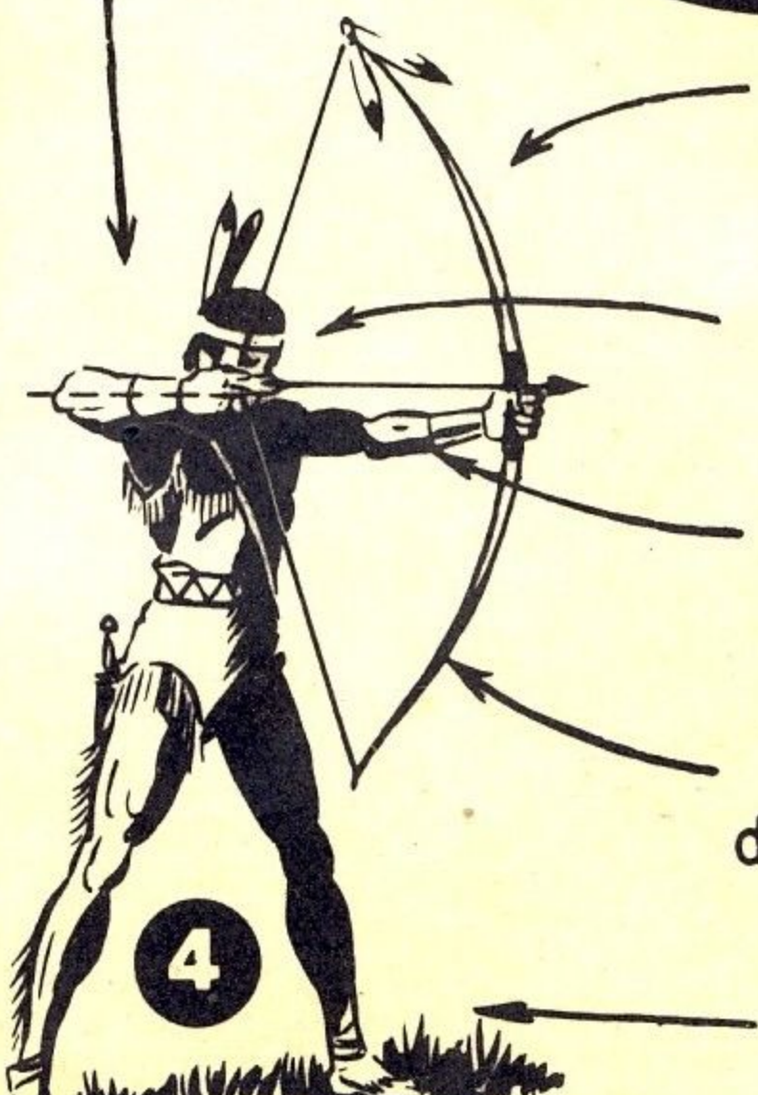
The firing position is as shown.

Right hand along side of cheek.

Left arm is fully extended.

The bow is drawn across the chest.

Feet well apart.



Each foot should line up with the target like this... practice, strong nerves and good judgment make the marksman.

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